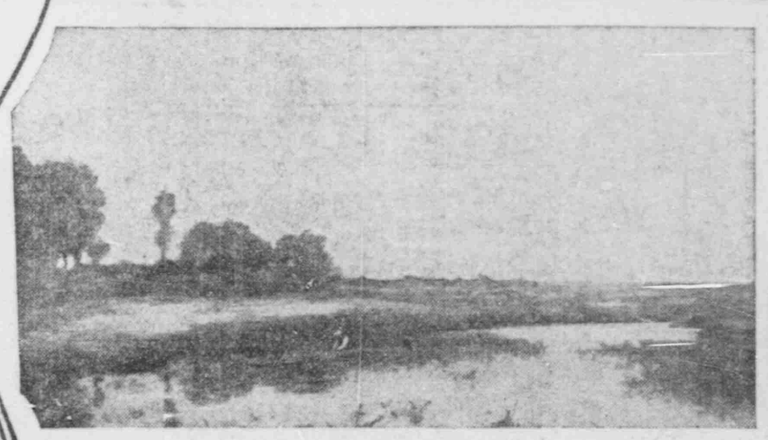
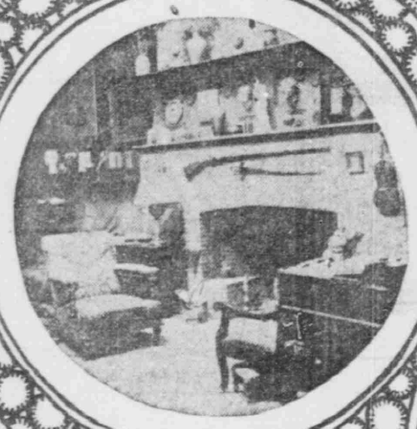
THE STUDIOS OF SOME OF WASHINGTON'S ARTISTS

Mr. Weyl's Studio.

Miss Mueden in Her Studio.

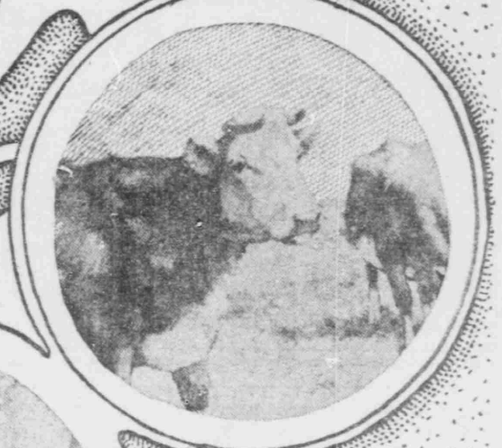


"Potomac Marshes," by Max Weyl.



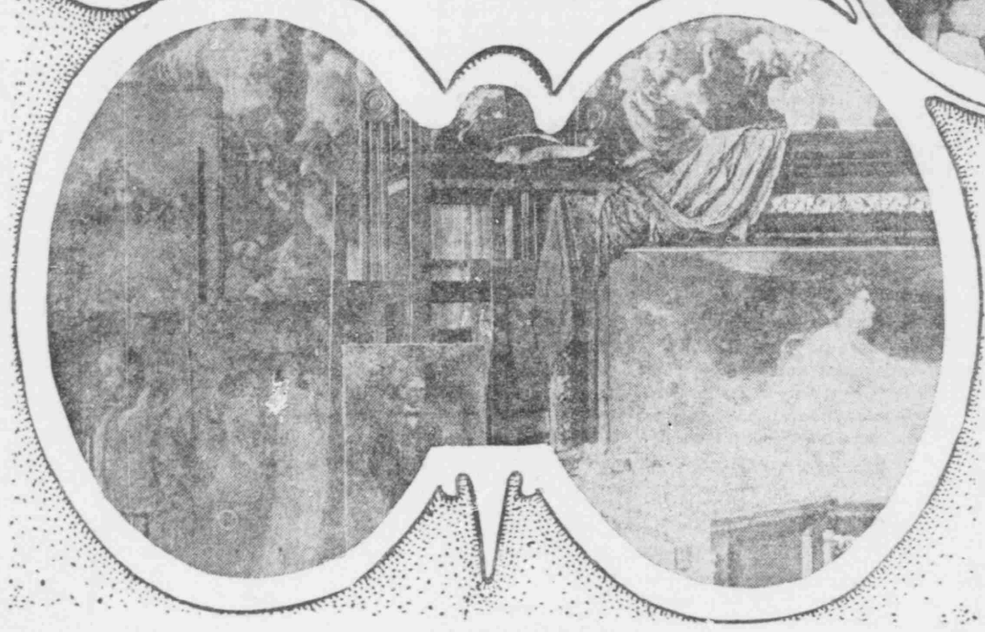
Mrs. Child's Studio.

Work of R. N. Brooke.



"Cattle," by R. L. Johnstone.

Mr. Brooke's Studio.



Corner in the Studio of Harold Macdonald.

Studio of R. LeGrande Johnstone.

WHEN we speak of the artist's studio the mind's eye is filled with a vision of picturesque surroundings, rare antiques in the way of wall hangings and floor coverings, interesting bits of bric-a-brac and odd pieces of furniture with a history, picked up here and there by the owner in his wanderings; while against this tasteful background his genius is reflected from the glowing canvases to which he has given life and being.

This is the accepted idea of the studio, and there is reality as well as romance in the picture, for the artistic nature craves beautiful environment as a rule and seeks to satisfy that craving by the acquisition of handsome things pleasingly arranged, even though the masculine mind may stop short of always preserving intact that "show studio" effect which comes naturally to his feminine co-worker.

A Decided Change.

Thus it may happen that the same studio which is arranged with picturesque effectiveness for the photographer's glimpse will seem hardly recognizable a few days later when the busy occupant, in the excess of his artistic zeal, has pulled around this and pushed aside that, flung his coat and hat hither and thither, and dragged out his latest canvases and much-bedaubed palettes to catch the best possible light.

The observing eye will, however, even in the midst of this industrious confusion, catch a view here and there of the harmonious furnishings and distinctive articles of "virtu" which mark the individual tastes of that particular artist, however and wherever he may place them.

Few "Show Studios."

"There are few if any 'show studios' belonging to the artists of the Capital," remarked one of them recently. "The French word 'atelier,' or workroom, better expresses it. In the first place, the architects have overlooked us, and being, like most of our craft, chronically impecunious, we must take what the gods provide in the way of badly arranged and poorly lighted rooms, as we are obliged to have a shelter for our canvas, paints, and other necessaries, and a place in which to do the actual work."

Though the architectural arrangement may not always be to his taste, the Washington artist having deposited the "necessaries" in the background, proceeds to gather around him harmonious belongings, arranges tasteful corners, conceals unsightly doors by hangings, adds his pet curios, and soon his individuality and the character of his work are reflected in his surroundings.

Mr. R. L. Johnstone's Studio.

Thus the graceful studio of R. LeGrande Johnstone suggests the refined Virginia gentleman of fastidious tastes and shows a consideration for detail that is borne out in the conscientious treatment of even his smallest work. The pictures upon the walls speak eloquently of the long study of animal life for the faithful portrayal of which Mr. Johnston is so justly noted. His cattle and sheep show an especially loving hand and a fidelity to nature that savors of Van Marck, whose pupil Mr. Johnston has been. Gentle-eyed cows knee deep in shadowed pools; frisky calves sporting upon flower strewn meadows; fluffy sheep on hillside or lambs in the fold; dogs that show blood and breeding in points and poise—these and many other attractive canvases well repay the art-loving visitor to this interesting studio.

Artistic Treasures.

In the "atelier" of May Weyl, the well-known landscapist, one finds a wealth of valuable curios picked up in foreign travel or here and there in old shops nearer home, and concludes that Mr. Weyl possesses the same instinct for finding artistic treasure of the material kind in out-of-the-way places as he displays so attractively in discovering the "motifs" for his nature studies and charming glimpses of water and sky in our own hygienically unappreciated Potomac marshes or the environs of Georgetown.

To Mr. Weyl every locality is replete with interesting material of the artistic sort, and however humble his theme he never fails to depict it with a truthfulness of coloring and a simple directness of treatment that preserve the character of the scene and appeal to the beholder as does the sympathetic charm of nature herself.

Of German descent, Mr. Weyl may be said to be largely self-taught, notwithstanding several years' study of the masters and their methods abroad.

The individuality of his work is strongly marked, it being said among artists that his landscapes need no signature where his work is known. "Approaching Night," a beautiful twilight scene, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, is a good example of Mr. Weyl at his best.

Richard N. Brooke's Studio.

Simplicity and real worth without ostentation, is the keynote of the studio of Richard N. Brooke, and the same might be said of its owner as well. Attractive but quite unassuming his workroom looks at first glance, the furniture standing modestly back that one may see the well-covered wall where landscapes and marines, animal groups painted en masse and studies of negro life—with which Mr. Brooke's name is invariably associated through his realistic picture of "A Pastoral Vitsit" at the Corcoran Art Gallery—vie with each other in point of excellence.

But a closer view discloses the artistic value and worth of these modest-appearing furnishings. Carved, high-backed chairs of old mahogany, polished with long use, antique sofas and stands of quaint design, with odd rugs and bric-a-brac are here, showing that Mr. Brooke possesses the same admirable taste of selection in these matters that he displays so creditably as an art critic.

Strikingly effective and original, even though unfinished, is the decorative frieze which helps to make the studio of Harold Macdonald one of the most distinctly individual in Washington. Upon a wide strip of white calcimine, left bare above the terra cotta side walls, Mr. Macdonald has washed in with India ink a weird, fantastic carnival of life-size figures and faces worthy of Dore in boldness of design and efficiency of treatment.

Work of Mr. Macdonald.

Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less truly, has the artist revealed his higher aspirations in this unique embellishment of the conventional studio.

While known best as a painter of unusually forceful and animated portraits, such as his graphic likenesses of ex-Secretaries Windom, Gresham, and Gage, in the Treasury, Colonel Britton, Judge Kelley, Justice McKenna, and numerous other well-known men, his fonder ambitions tend toward the ideal and fanciful in art—compositions that, like his whimsical frieze, give full rein to his inventive and imaginative gifts.

To this class also belongs his latest conception, the "Fire Worshiper," a poetic fancy of primitive woman seeking to express her reverential adoration and indefinable longings in silent contemplation of her glowing deity.

Mr. Macdonald is his own severest critic, and so high is his standard that it is difficult for him to consider a picture of his completed; there seems always a possibility of improvement as long as it remains in his possession.

A Homelike Place.

Daintily attractive and homelike is the tasteful studio of Mrs. Jane Curtis Child, who holds a prominent place among the feminine artists of the Capital. Her workroom has a triple interest for Washington art lovers, being also the studio of Mrs. Child's brother, William Fuller Curtis, and of her husband, Robert Colman Child.

Gifted with rare delicacy of feeling and the power of expressing her inspirations with fidelity, Mrs. Child has done much that is praiseworthy. Pastel is her favorite medium, and portraiture claims a considerable portion of her attention, though her poetic insight is best expressed, perhaps, by such creations of the ideal as "Sir Galahad" and Tennyson's "Princess," now owned by the Cosmos Club.

William Fuller Curtis unites a considerable ability for illustration with a decided talent for burnt wood design and engraving, his effective panels being seen in many of the artistic homes of the city. His work shows originality of thought and freedom of fancy, possessing often the spirituelle quality noticeable in that of his sister.

Though one of the youngest of Washington's artists, Robert Colman Child has already done some very attractive and creditable work in landscape, his canvases showing both individuality and promise.

These passing glimpses of the artist in his or her studio represent but a few of the earnest and successful workers in the little art colony of the National Capital, which is noted not only for the serious purpose and achivement of its members, but also for the high and generous tone which exists among them.